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VILLAGE OF ITHACA, N. Y.

This thriving and delightful village is situated at the head of the Cayuga Lake, in the county of Tompkins, and state of New York. For few places can we find more varied and beautiful scenery to exalt the soul and delight the imagination. The site of the village is upon a plain, surrounded by hills east, west and south, and fronting one vast and splendid lake. These hills rise with a gradation from the village, and are covered with farms highly improved, and alternate groves of waving forest, forming the most rich and picturesque appearance. While the placid water-fall, and the majestic cataract, which descend from the mountains increase the pleasantness and add a charm to the scene.

Ithaca is about a mile and a half south of the head of the Cayuga Lake, being one hundred and twenty miles west of Albany, and contains a population of about 1500 souls. It has an academy, affording a lyceum, a bank, a court house and jail, a market house, a Lancasterian school house, and four elegant buildings devoted to public worship. The Clinton House is a superb and elegant house of entertainment.—There are also three printing offices from which issue four weekly papers. Ithaca contains in itself no less than five durable mill streams. Fall-river, the largest, descends at the north end of the village, 420 feet over stupendous cataracts, and winding across the plain enters the head of the Cayuga Lake. The view of the last fall into the valley is most striking and imposing. The whole sheet of water is precipitated over the rock 115 feet, and the banks above are 100 feet higher than the rock. These water falls and the romantic scenery which surrounds them are the great attractions which engage the visitor at Ithaca. A brief description of those most worthy of notice may not be unacceptable. The falls of Fall river have already been mentioned, and are seen on entering the village from the steam boat landing. They are thus described by a late tourist: "The perpendicular main fall is 117 feet with a proportionate breadth.—Two immense piles of rock in mid-stream divide the stream. On the right hand, high up the bank, a mill race is seen winding round the point of the bank, suspended in mid air and now and then an adventurer carefully treading his way along the dizzy path. This race way was built in an extraordinary manner; a person let himself down from a tree standing on a high point above, and swung over a giddy abyss, and thus suspended, dug out places in the rock in which to fasten the principal supporters of the race." This race is however now abandoned; an immense tunnel 10 feet wide, 13 feet high and 200 feet long, having been cut through the solid rock from above the falls; through which tunnel the whole water of the stream is to be conveyed, and carried along the brow of the hill, and to places below, for the purpose of supplying any number of factories, and propelling almost any quantity of machinery which may be erected.

On the Cascadilla, another stream which runs in current through the village, are several beautiful cascades, sufficient to arrest the step and engage the pause of the traveller. On the Six mile creek, and on the Buttermilk creek, are also a number of falls, equal to any thing from the romantic hand of Nature; and on the first mentioned is one of the most splendid falls ever Fire-water is one of the most splendid falls ever disclosed to the eyes of man, and he is unable to do justice to the majesty of its character. At Boulton's point there is still another fall called the Taghannick. At this point the ravine is excavated for about a mile, and then the eye is ensnared with a fall of water 208 feet in perpendicular height, a breadth of 60 feet, and banks of rocks towering 300 feet above the head of the basin. Such is Ithaca: to every valley a rivulet, and to every hill a cascade.

The Lake Front is a most lovely sheet of water, 40 miles long, and from 1 to 4 miles wide. Its banks are studded with delightful settlements, and its surface is often whitened with sails. Two steam boats, the De Witt Clinton and the Telescoscheon, with elegant accommodations, ply on these waters; leaving and arriving at the village of Ithaca on each and every day, making the passage from the latter place to the East-Cayuga bridge, including 10 landings, in from 4 to 5 hours. These boats are owned by Messrs. De Witt and Blanchard, of Albany, and are both on that plan which are found in these instances to succeed so admirably.

The *gourmand* would never forgive us were we to leave you over the public houses in the place; those accommodating retreats as well to the epicure as to the traveller and sojourner,—indeed in where else can be obtain the wild and game of every exquisite flavour, and few regions can afford him so magnificent a dessert. The woods and marshes are tributary of fowl in great abundance, and fruits are found in equal perfection and variety. And of all tables to enjoy them recommend us to the Clinton House. This house is not only worthy of an ingrating, but will excite a particularity of description. The Clinton House, kept by Spencer & Dunning, as hotel of superior order and of the first class, is situated on the corner of Cayuga and Seneca streets, near the centre of the village. It is built of brick, (above the basement) of which it took more than we shall venture to enumerate, and was perfected and executed under the direction of Mr. Henry Ackley, in the years 1828 and 1829; Messrs. Jeremiah S. Beebe, Henry Ackley and Henry Hilliard, are the proprietors. Its spacious and convenient arrangements are equalled by few and surpassed by none in the State. Its principal front is 120 feet facing east. In the centre is the principal entrance to a spacious hall and magnificent stair-case, with eighty one steps of six and an half inch rise each. The centre or main building is 52 by 57 feet, and on either side are wings of 36 by 34 feet; which with the centre part are five stories including basements and attics; the latter are lighted by sky lights. Extending west on a north line of the centre buildings is another wing 37 by 66 feet, of which 44 feet are four stories and 22 feet three stories, including basement. Extending south, until it comes on a range with the south end of the front is another 31 by 59 feet, three stories including basement. Extending east, until it comes within 12 feet of the front south wing, is another, 12 by 42 feet, two stories. The two last described are built of wood. The height from the foundation to the circular walk on the cupola is 80, affording a transcendently beautiful view of the village and romantic country around it.—It contains upwards of 150 rooms including offices, bathing rooms and spacious halls, one of the latter of which is 120 feet long; a dining room 96 feet long, an assembly room 31 by 59 feet, and several portico es. The portico in front with its pediment is supported by six massy Ionick columns. The finish throughout is of the best workmanship, and in the most modern style.—The furnishing and keeping is in accordance with its splendour and convenience.

A Rail-road is now in progress from Ithaca to the village of Owego on the Susquehanna river, a distance of 29 miles. Minute surveys have already been completed from the inlet at Ithaca to the summit level about 8 miles distant, and a most favourable line for the road has been located. The ascent is to be overcome by a stationary engine placed on the brow of the hill, about one half a mile from the village; and from the principal summit to Owego is almost an entire level. Contracts are now entering into and the work will progress with all practicable expedition. The road must be of the utmost importance, not only by facilitating and increasing an extensive trade south with the valley of the Susquehanna and the entire northern counties of Pennsylvania, but as forming a connecting link in a grand rail road communication from the western countres, (the most fertile regions of the state) to the city of New York. The main line, or a branch of this rail road will, doubtless, connect itself with the extensive coal beds of Pennsylvania on the Lackawaxen and the Lackawana. Application is now being made to the Legislature of the state of New York for a grant for this road, and a charter will unquestionably be obtained. Its results, that however agreeable it may sometimes be, it is more prudent entirely to abstain from it, than to expose ourselves to serious evils to promote laughter among others. C.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

A FRAGMENT.

Yes, lady, yes—my heart indeed is cold,
Yet 'twas not always thus. In "my young days
Of passion," it would thrill with be ony's power
At your bare witness did, to the fairy fingers,
Which, but now, were wand'ring o'er them. And then—
The glances of a dark eye, like that, which now
Is beaming on me—or a smile, like that,
Which now is sporting round your playful lip—
Or e'en a blush as that, if from my own cheek
Now gone, and fingers o'er your glossy brow—
Or e'en a curl of raven hair, like that,
Which now is waving o'er your neck of snow—
Oh! these, the least of these would make my heart,
So wearable, wildly throb, as if indeed,
As poets feign, it strove to leave my breast.
And fly to him whose spell was working so me.
But now—with all these bright allurements spread
Before me—joined with thy gentle virtues,
Magic power—it heeds as coldly, calmly,
As summer waves upon the moonlit beach.

L. C.

From the Casket.

The Village Circle.

BY MRS. L. COCKE.

"The sea has one, and Palestine has one:
And Scotland has the last————"—*Brainerd*

There is often much revealed in a motto. I have chosen mine, with how much aptness the sequel will tell. True, it will not appear fully verified, nevertheless it has its bearing on my story: and how often is it the case, that those who formed the smiling band of youth in some glad village, whose hearts were linked by every fond and friendly tie, in a few years are blown about as leaves by saturn winds; some buried beneath the turf, or the wave; some in a far off country, dead to us when "live to others yet;" and others, perhaps the very pride of the hamlet, forgetful and forgotten of the world,—the mere wreck of their former selves, simply vegetating in obscurity. Whose heart does not thrill and yearn, and suffer as they look around for the scenes and friends of "long ago?" Whose heart while thus in fancy's retrograde does not respond, "I visited the home of my nativity, and I said, the friends of my youth, where are they? and echo answered, where are they!" I could long linger here; but let us to our story.

Never were there more united hearts—never more devoted friendship than linked the little circle of youth in the village of B——. They could now number but eight, but these were members of three or four families, nearly equal in age, in education, and rank, in whose bosoms existed similar feelings, sentiments, and hopes, producing the most perfect unity of hearts. No secret envyings disturbed their private peace; no low jealousies broke in upon the happiness of their festal hours. Thus months and years passed on, with no change in outward circumstances, and no alienation of hearts, and I left them thus, "my friends, my earliest and my best." But, doomed to vicissitude, many a changing year had sealed its toneless record, ere I visited the place of my nativity again, and O how changed—

"I felt like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Its lights all fled,
Its garlands dead,
And all but he departed!"

I looked around for the well tried friends of my early days, and first of all I enquired for Susan Cuthbert and her brother George. They had been to me like children of my own fond parents, and had seemed to feel for me a brother and sisterly affection; but it matters not what they had been to me in other days—how devoted our friendship, or how fond our attachment. I asked for them now, and I stood as a mother who in their infancy had folded them to her bosom, and who with a mother's tenderness and anxiety had watched over their riper years, and in her care-worn cheek, her tearful eye, and swelling bosom, I learned their fate. She was childless; and their graves, the linked in birth, the fondly reared, were far apart. Susan, while on a visit to her friends in a distant part of the state, was siezed with a violent epidemic, which wasted her strength, impaired her constitution, and left her in such a feeble state that it was deemed inexpedient to remove her to her home, and after lingering thus a few months, she faded away from among the living, silently as the sickened lily sheds its petals. Her mother, already a widow, did not receive intelligence of her daughter's dangerous illness, until too late to administer the offices of affection. She hastened to her, but the last rites were finished, and the almost frantic mother knelt long upon her grave, in all the agony of bereavement; and then, in the desolation of her heart, she left her dead in the strangers' sepulchre! Not many months previous, George having qualified and offered himself for such a station, had been sent by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to the East Indies, and his constitution naturally feeble soon weakened beneath the rays of that tropical sun, and scarcely was the mother's grief assuaged for the death of her only daughter, when she received intelligence that the mission of her son was ended! Unattended by the friends who could have solaced, or the mother who could have soothed the agony of sickness, he perished there.—the Brahmin, only, knew his place of rest! But Emma Gray—the pride, the beauty of the hamlet—where was she? So gay, so lovely, and inheritor of so dark a fate—scarce a tongue could utter her history. Flattered, admired, and caressed from her very childhood, she was prepared for no adverse storms: though an orphan and fortuneless, the mighty lingered near her, and the proud one would fain have linked his destiny with hers: but with the loftiest hopes, and the most chastened and dignified aspirings, it was not strange that she should have yielded her affections to one so fascinating in manners, and so imposing in appearance as Francis Elliot. Talented, wealthy, and of high profession, he had emigrated from the south but a few months previous to his intimacy with Emma. Such an effect has a fair exterior on the human heart, even though it shelter the most degrading principles, that all were eager to share his attention. A fond and increasing attachment was early discovered between him and Emma, and soon indeed was it matured, and she became the wife, the tender,—the too tender, too devoted wife of Francis Elliot. For a while the stream of popularity spread wide its current around him, and summer friends,—that sickening ephemera,—swarmed thick as the rising vapor. But he who has no character at home, cannot long support one abroad; and it was soon ascertained that Elliot had brought with him from his native country but the appearance of honor, and the show of respectability. Of dissolute principles and licentious habits, he indulged in every excess of folly and extravagance. His native sense of dignity decayed as his passion for vice strengthened, and ere long Emma was left to weep away the evening hours with a hope and yet a dread of his return, while he was at the brothel, or the gaming table, drinking deep of the cup of debauchery. Not a riot in the street but he headed it, and no mischief or meanness abroad but he was known among it. Such a being Emma would once have looked upon with absolute loathing, but a thing so strange and unaccountable is woman's love, that now when he returned reeking and brutish from the midnight revel, she would hover around him with a fondness unchecked, untiring, but ah! how unrequited! Pollution held him in her filthy grasp; and thus early lost to every tender and noble sentiment, he regarded not her smiles and tears. For lust, sensual, and unhallowed pleasure, he had cast away the fondest, the most devoted affection, as though it were of little worth. The heart of Emma had ever been alive to the most delicate sensibility, and with such a lot, it had settled on her like the mildew and the blight of Egypt.—Neglect and unkindness had done their worst; her cups of sorrow was full; and I had almost said, not unfortunately was the light of reason quenched, for with that she ceased to feel: with that was closed up all sense of wrong and ill, and in unconscious grief she looked from her grated window, as they silently bore along the idol of her heart, unwept, unhonored to the drunkard's grave! Her friends having found every means ineffectual to restore her to reason, soon after this event conveyed her to the state insane hospital, Charlestown, Mass. And now, as the stranger visits that abode of misery, he observes a female attired in a neat black dress, of dignified air and youthful form, and features strongly marked by melancholy and despair. A lock of hair is carefully joined to her sleeve, and she fancies it the gift of a lover, now on a journey, but who will, ere long, return to claim her as his bride. She seldom smiles; but when she does, the spirit and the beauty of Emma Gray beam forth, and remembrance of her former self returns. But the mirrored image is again in a moment marred and clouded, and the beauty of the village of B——, in the meridian of life, is still a maniac! There was Robert Jones and James Sheldon—they had grown up with the affection and intimacy of brothers, both possessing the most promising talents, and endeared to their friends by similar qualities of heart. Classmates and graduates in the same college, both had selected the same profession, and when acquired, had formed a plan of visiting a foreign country in company for the purpose of adding to their stock of knowledge. It was in the autumn of the year when they embarked on their projected expedition, little dreaming that the wide ocean which now bore them with their hopes along, was soon to separate their graves. However, a prosperous voyage soon landed them on the shores of Liverpool; yet there they lingered not, but journeyed on and top Ger, wandered through Italy's rich vales, and scaled the lofty Alps, and looked on Spain's time-roused castles, and then by Rome's old battlements sat down. The "lays of many lands" they heard, and gathered much of curious and rare in many a clime. Alas! they wreathed their garlands but to deck their tombs! How true it is that earth is not the home of virtue; and that genius and talent seldom linger here. Sheldon did not return to his native land again. A few weeks previous to their intended return, a violent cold fixed itself on his lungs, and he became the hopeless victim of consumption. Jones anxiously watched by his bed, as with a brother's tenderness, and endeavored by deeds of kindness, to soothe his agony, and, if possible, to remove disease. But the hectic on his cheek daily brightened, his eye grew more livid, his lip paler; and they made his grave beneath the shade of a citron grove, upon the classic shores of Greece!

Jones returned to his native village; but amidst the smiles and welcomes of his friends, and "with all his blushing honors thick upon him," he laid him down to die! He had brought the seeds of disease from that sickly southern climate, and in a few weeks after his return, there was a silent gathering in the village church of B——: a hearse was slowly driven to the door, and sadly and solemnly eased of its burden; a prayer was offered; the pall disposed,—a momentary lingering in the church yard, and the sun as it set threw its last ray on the new laid turf, that covered the remains of one of the most noble and talented of earth—Robert Jones!

But there was one heart that suffered more than shipwreck on that day; one heart in whose grief not only the stranger could not intermeddle, but in which the closest friend might have failed to sympathise; one heart that that sad event had widowed in the morn of life, and doomed to a solitude more dreary than the hermit's cell: for "there is no solitude like that of the heart, when it looks around, and sees in the vast concourse of human beings, not one to whom it can pour forth its sorrows and receive the answering sigh."—Mary Sheldon, the sister of James, had long been fondly attached to Jones, and her affection he had fully reciprocated, though secretly. It had [illegible] that he was attentive to her, and her friends suspected an absolute engagement; nevertheless, nothing was certainly known, except that he was often at the house of Col. Sheldon. From the first period of his illness, his reason left him, so that he was unable to communicate the fact that they were actually to have been married in a few months, had life and health been spared; and he died adding that to the many secrets of the grave. Cases of violent illness in a country village are soon known, and intelligence of this was early communicated to Mary, and she was thrown into a state of the most painful anxiety, which was only increased by daily reports. She was informed his death was hourly expected, but no word of consolation came upon her heart, and no tone of soothing fell upon her ear. A look to her then would have been of more than earthly value, but that she was forbidden to share, for she could not go in the delicacy of her grief to the afflicted family, and communicate the fact of which they were ignorant, and claim her dying, dead—for he was dead, and none knew that Mary Sheldon was his affianced bride! Dead! and she had not shared the mourner's precious privilege, that of pressing the chilled lip, or of closing the glazed eye. With the crowd, on the day of his funeral, she sought her way to the church, and one look upon his corpse in the face of a listless, gazing multitude, was all that was left her—enough to fill with bitterness a stouter than that maiden's heart—and she returned to her home in the desolation and loneliness of grief. Fortunately, among the throng, her tears had been observed, and these awakened sympathetic feelings in the bosoms of her friends, and information of this was communicated to the parents of Jones, and they repaired to her dwelling, and in her anguish and agony she made known the fact: and, as though anxious to do kindness to the memory of their beloved son, and repair their innocent wrong, they took her to their own home, and adopted her as their own daughter. But a breach so wide was never closed; a heart so buried in the grave could never more share the joys,—the hopes,—the loves of the living! And in after years, though

——"Lovers stirred her wore nothing,
Coldly she'd turn from their gaze and weep;
For her heart was in her native lying."

And when I met her, the lively friend of my youth, years had passed since that sad event; yet on her countenance sat the visible expression of recent bereavement and sorrow. All I found to look upon after an absence of ten years, of that little band that formed the cheerful social circle of my youth, and she—how altered! alas! for earth, so full of change!

But the history of two others I have yet to record, and they are briefly told. William Armstrong was always a sober youth, and from his boyhood fond of books and study. He possessed a rare genius, a lofty and aspiring ambition; but possessing neither wealth nor influential friends who could feel interested for him, he seemed destined to comparative obscurity. He was simply a mechanic without birth or fortune; if we speak as titles and dignitaries teach, but he had talents and education; and born and bred in Massachusetts, he needed no other guarantee to distinction. These without the trappings of gold, where "the mind's the stature of the man," could secure him honor and respectability, and they did; for in a few years he became, though self-taught, one of the most distinguished attorneys in the county of H——, and was looked upon as indeed a prodigy. At length he removed to a distant part of the state, and at the age of thirty-five was elected a member of the national council. A distinguished citizen, lawyer, and statesman he still lives, proving that he can be great who is wise and good.

Caroline Matthews was an only daughter; the joy of her mother, the pride of her father, and by her amiable character endeared to all who knew her. Always lively and cheerful she was the light of the village band. When quite young she was married to a young gentleman from Boston, Mass. Her health and constitution from her childhood had been delicate and feeble. In about two years after her marriage she became the mother of a promising son, and from that time her health rapidly declined, and her husband doating and fond, and anxious to detain the spirit of his being longer here, devised a voyage expedient, and therefore embarked with her,—leaving their infant son behind—for England. When they arrived her health seemed indeed a little improved, but she very soon relapsed into her former feeble state. But so loth is the soul to lose its hold of earth, that she still hoped for a recovery, and planned for life with all the eagerness and energy of health. But the bloom upon her cheek, to her husband spoke the language of another world, and already he felt alone on earth. Fearful lest he should be obliged to consign the friend of his bosom to the pitiless waves, as they sat on deck on their return to America, he begged permission of the captain of the vessel in which they sailed, to take on board a coffin, that in case of her decease on the passage, he might bear his dead to the land of his home. But it was forbidden him; and such was the superstition of the sailors, that lest they should become mutinous and unmanageable, the captain would not suffer even a plank or board sufficient for such a purpose to be taken into the ship. Bitter indeed was the husband's grief, when he saw her daily fading on his bosom, and no grave but the mighty deep around him. At length came on the parting hour,—dark, and deep, and awful! One look of love she gave—oh! how unlike that on their bridal morn—one freezing kiss—one kind injunction for her boy—and then the lip quivered, and the errand of life was done! A few moments, still and solitary, the bereaved one knelt by his dead; and then in the night of his agony, he gave her unconfined to the ocean depths! Happy indeed are they who can kneel upon the turf that covers the forms of beloved friends: it soothes the heart to think their dust shall mingle with our own; but

——"No mark the proud sea's keep
To show where he that wept may come again to weep."

My story is done; and in the words of another, whose language and sentiments I am proud to adopt, "my object was to exhibit" scenes such as do actually exist in real life; "such as I have known;" and "if my simple page should touch pleasantly a chord in the heart of any, its end will be answered."

Buffalo, N. Y.

MAXIMS FOR MARRIED LADIES.—The following maxims, if pursued, will not only make the men in love with marriage, but cause them to be good husbands.—The first is to be good yourself. To avoid all thoughts of managing a husband. Never try to deceive or impose on his understanding, nor give him uneasiness, but treat him with affection, sincerity, and respect. Remember that husbands, at best, are only men, subject like yourselves to error and frailty. Be not too sanguine, then, before marriage, or promise yourselves happiness without alloy. Should you discover any thing in his humor or behaviour not altogether what you expected or wish, pass it over, smooth your own temper, and try to mend his, by attention, cheerfulness, and good nature. Never reproach him with misfortunes, which are the accidents and infirmities of life—a burden which each has engaged to assist the other in supporting, and to which both parties are equally exposed—but instead of murmuring and reflections, divide the sorrows between you; make the best of it, and it will be easier to both. It is the innate office of the softer sex to soothe the troubles of the other. Resolve every morning to be cheerful all day, and should any thing occur to break your resolution, suffer it not to put you out of temper with your husband. Dispute not with him, be the occasion what it may, but much sooner deny yourself the trifle of having your own will, or gaining the better of an argument, than risk a quarrel, or create a heart-burning which it is impossible to see the end of. Implicit submission in a man to his wife, is ever disgraceful to both; but implicit submission in the wife, is what she promised at the altar, what the good will revere her for, and what is, in fact, the greatest honor she can receive.

Be assured, a woman's power, as well as her happiness, has no other foundation than her husband's esteem and love, which it is her interest by all possible means, to preserve and increase. Study, therefore, his temper, and command your own. Enjoy him with satisfaction, share and soothe his cares, and with the utmost assiduity conceal his infirmities.

From the Casket.

On hearing of the Fall of Warsaw.

Awake the mournful lyre,
For Poland's fate listen!
While o'er the globe the tidings fire
Of her defeat is sent

Let those dark feelings rise
Which ever our patriots knew,
When Britain dar'd to tyrannize
And power unchec'k'd pursue.

Shall Poland never more
Her birthright freedom gain,
But still her fields be drenched with gore
Her choicest champions slain?

While knowledge spreads around,
And Freedom's friends increase,
Shall slaves of tyrants base abound,
And discord never cease?

No, let ambition erect
The mural of blood stained crimes,
And warning leave, to her defeat,
To profit future times.

Your day-star has not set,
Brave Poland why despair?
Some Washington or Tell may yet
Plant Freedom's banner there.

But even though vanquished, thou
Hast prov'd thy courage high
And Fame that honour shall bestow
Which tyrants now deny.

While freemen's prayers for thee
Throughout the world unroll,
With hopes that soon my tyranny
Its damnation end.

And haughty despots find,
Though mighty their career,
They cannot bow the lofty mind
Where freedom's rays appear.

Though Liberty o'erpower'd
A while inactive lie,
She Phœnix-like shall be restored
Her spirit cannot die.

And Poland yet, though she endure
For years a galling chain,
That Independence may secure
So long pursued is vain.

HAROLD.

SPORTING WITH FEMALE AFFECTIONS.

Man cannot act a more perfidious part,
Than sin his utmost efforts to obtain
A confidence in order to deceive.

Honour and integrity ought to be the leading principles of every transaction in life. These are virtues highly requisite, notwithstanding they are too frequently disregarded. Whatever pursuits individuals are in quest of, sincerity in profession, steadfastness in pursuit, and punctuality in discharging engagements, are indispensably incumbent. A man of honest integrity, and uprightness in his dealings with his fellow-creatures, is sure to gain the confidence and applause of all good men; whilst he, who acts from dishonest or designing principles, obtains deserved contempt. Dishonest proceedings, in word or deed, are very offensive to, and unjustifiable in the sight of God and man, even in trivial, but much more so in consequential affairs. The most perfect uprightness is highly requisite between man and man, though it is too often disregarded, and is much more so between the sexes. Every profession of regard should be without dissembling, every promise preserved inviolate, and every engagement faithfully discharged. No one ought to make any offers or pretensions to a lady before he is, in a great measure, certain her person, her temper, and qualifications suit his circumstances, and agree perfectly with his own temper and way of thinking. For a similarity of mind and manners is very necessary to render the bonds of love permanent, and those of marriage happy.

"Marriage the happiest state of life would be,
If bonds were only joined who se hearts agree."

The man of uprightness and integrity of heart will not only observe the beauties of the mind, the goodness of the heart, the dignity of sentiment, and the delicacy of wit, but will strive to fix his affections on such permanent endowments, before he pledges faith to any lady.

He looks upon marriage as a business of the greatest importance in life, and a change of condition that cannot be undertaken with too much reverence and deliberation. Therefore he will not undertake it at random, lest he should precipitately involve himself in the greatest difficulties. He wishes to act a conscientious part, and consequently cannot think, (notwithstanding it is too much countenanced by custom,) of sporting with the affections of the fair sex, nor even of paying his addresses to any one till he is perfectly convinced his own are fixed on just principles.

All imaginable caution is certainly necessary beforehand; but after a man's profession of regard, and kind services and solicitations have made an impression on a female heart, it is no longer a matter of indifference whether he perseveres in, or breaks off his engagement. For he is then particularly dear to her, and reason, honor, justice, all unite to oblige him to make good his engagement. When the matter is brought to such a crisis, there is no retreating, without manifestly disturbing her quiet and tranquility of mind; nor can any thing but her loss of virtue justify her desertion. Whether marriage has been expressly promised or not, it is of little signification. For if he has solicited and obtained her affections, on supposition that he intended to marry her, the contract is, in the sight of heaven, sufficiently binding. In short, the man who basely imposes on the honest heart of an unsuspecting girl, and, after winning her affections by the prevailing rhetoric of courtship, ungenerously leaves her to bitter sorrow and complaining, acts a very dishonorable part, and is more to be detested than a common robber.—For private treachery is much more heinous than open force; and money must not be put in competition with happiness.

THE ENCHANTED FUSIL.

Oft he sees the fusil of the grand Bey Sawa, will see a wonder. It has twelve circles of gold and twelve circles of silver, the butt of it, is mother of pearl, and three tufts of red silk are hung from the handle.

Other fusils have circles of gold, and tufts of silk; at Baniaiouka, the armorers know how to incrust the mother of pearl. But were is the workmen who can say the charm that renders mortal every ball from the fusil of Sawa?

He has combatted the Delci with his mail of triple links, and has combatted the Arnaut with his coat of felt, with seven double linings of silk. The coat of mail has been pierced like a spider web; and the coat like a leaf of the palm tree.

Dawoud, the most noble of the Dosnipues binds over his shoulder the best of his fusils; he fills his girdle with sequins; of his twelve guitars he takes the most melodious. He left Baniaiouka on Friday, and reached on Sunday the territory of the Bey of Sawa.

He seated himself, sounded a prelude upon his guitar, and all the girls crowded about him. He sang plaintive songs, and they all sighed. He sang songs of love, and Nastasia, the daughter of the Bey, cast a bouquet at his feet, and ran, blushing with shame, trembling home.

At night she opened her window and saw Dawoud below, seated upon a bank by the door, and she leaned forward to look at him, her red fillet fell from her brow, and Dawoud picked it up, and returned it to the beautiful Nastasia.

"Look at that cloud hanging over the mountain, loaded with hail and rain; will you leave me exposed to the storm to perish before your eyes?" Detaching her girdle of silk, she has fastened one end of it to the balcony, and in a moment Dawoud is at her side.

——"Speak low, very low! If my father hears us, we shall both perish." And they spoke low, very low, and soon they did not speak at all. The beautiful Dawoud left the balcony sooner than Nastasia desired; but morning dawned and he ran to conceal himself among the mountains.

Every night he returned to the village, and every night the girdle of silk was suspended from the balcony.—Till the crowing of the cock he remained with his love; then ran to conceal himself among the mountains. The fifth night he has come pale and bloody.

"The banditti have attacked me; they wait for me at the mountain defile; when the day dawns I must leave you—they will slay me. I embrace you for the last time. But if I had the magic fusil of your father who would dare to arrest or resist me?"

"The fusil of my father! How could I give it to you? By day he binds it upon his shoulder; by night he keeps it upon his bed. At morning if he did not find it he would certainly kill me."

And she wept, and looked at the Eastern heavens.—"Bring me thy father's fusil, and put mine in its place; he will never notice the difference. My fusil has twelve circles of gold and twelve circles of silver; the butt is mother of pearl, and three tufts of red silk are hung from its handle."

On tiptoe, holding her breath she has entered the chamber of her father; she has taken his fusil, and put that of Dawoud in it place. The Bey sighed in his sleep and cried Jesus! but he did not awake; and his daughter has given the magic fusil to the beautiful Dawoud.

And Dawoud looked at the fusil from butt to guidon, and examined in turn the trigger, the lint and the lock. He embraced Nastasia tenderly, and swore that he would return on the morrow.

He left on Friday, and reached Baniaiouka on Sunday.

And the Bey Sawa handled the fusil of Dawoud; "I am becoming old!" said he, and my fusil is grown heavy. It will yet slay many an infidel, however." Still every night the girdle of Nastasia was suspended from the balcony, but the perfidious Dawoud never returned.

The circumcised dogs have entered our country, and none can resist their chief Dawoud-Aga. He carries behind the saddle a sack of leather, and his slaves fill it with the ears of his enemies. All the men of Vertiza have gathered round the old Bey Sawa.

And Nastasia ascended upon the roof of her house, to witness this cruel battle; and she recognized Dawoud as he reined his horse against her old father. The Bey, confident of victory, has drawn its trigger—the first but it has only flashed and the Bey has started back in affright.

And the ball of Dawoud has struck Sawa, and pierced his curiass at the side and passed out at his back.—The Bey sighed and fell. A slave has cut off his head, and hung it the saddle bow of Dawoud.

When Nastasia sees the head of her father she does not weep; but she takes the dress of her young brother, and the black horse of her young brother, and seeks Dawoud in the fight to slay him. And when Dawoud sees the young Cavalier he pants at him his enchanted fusil.

Deadly, deadly was the ball that flew from it; the beautiful Nastasia sighed, and fell to the ground. A slave cut off her head, and raised it by its long locks; and Dawoud recognized the long locks of Nastasia.

And he knelt upon the earth and kissed her bloody cheek; "I would give a sequin for every drop of blood of the beautiful Nastasia! I would give an aspa to carry her back alive to Baniaiouka!" And he cast his magic fusil into the well of Vertiza.

BYRON.—[from a lecturer.]

"What! Scott a greater genius than Byron?" Yes—beyond compare. Byron had a vivid and strong, but not a wide imagination. He saw the ordinary objects occasionally standing prominently and boldly out from the flat surface of this world; and in general, when you wake, he described them with a master's stroke. We speak of the external world—of nature out of us. Now observe how he dealt with nature. In his early years he betrayed no passionate love of nature, though we do not doubt that he felt it and even in the first two cantos of Childe Harold he was an unfrequent and no very devout worshipper at her shrine. We are not blaming his fellow-sermons, but simply stating a fact. He had something else to think of, it would appear, and proved himself a poet. But in the third Canto, "a change came over the spirit of his dream," and he "latched o' green fields," fiords, and mountains.—Unfortunately, however, for his originality, that canto is almost a reechu—the model being Wordsworth. His merit, whatever it may be, is limited therefore to that of imitation. And observe, the imitation is not merely occasional, or verbal; but all the descriptions are enveloped in the spirit of Wordsworth, colored by it and shaped—from it they live, and breathe, and have their being—and that so entirely, that had the Excursion and Lyrical Ballads never been, neither had any composition at all resembling, either in conception or execution, the third Canto of Childe Harold. His most, however, having been awakened by the inspiration of the Bard of Nature, never afterwards fell asleep, nor sat drowsy over her beauties or glories, and much fine description pervades most of his subsequent works. He afterwards made much of what he saw his own—and even flourished it after his own Gothic; but a far mightier matter it did remain to him to see. Childe Harold—the noblest efforts did he ever make any close approach to the beauty and sublimity of those inspired passages which he had manifestly set as models before his imagination.—Walk all the fair and great objects in the world of art, again, Byron dealt like a poet of original genius. They themselves, and not descriptions of them, kindled his soul, and the "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," do almost entirely compose the fourth canto, which is worth ten times over, all the rest. The impetuosity of his career is astonishing; never for a moment does his wing flag; ever and anon he stoops but to soar again with a more majestic sweep, and you see how he glories in his flight—that he is proud as Lucifer. The two first cantos are frequently cold, cumbrous, stiff, heavy, and dull; and, with the exception of perhaps a dozen stanzas, and those far from being of first rate excellence, they are found woefully wanting in imagination. Many passages are but the tuneless prose. Byron, after all, was right in thinking—at first—but poorly of these cantos—and so was the friend, not Mr. Hobhouse, who threw cold water upon them in manuscript. True, they "made a prodigious sensation," but better had stuff has often done that, which either unheeded or unheard has been an angel's voice. Had they been suffered to stand alone, long ere now had they been pretty well forgotten; and had they been followed by other two cantos no better than themselves, there had the whole four in good time been most certainly condemned. But, fortunately, the poet, in his pride, felt himself pledged to proceed, and proceed he did in a superior style, borrowing, stealing, robbing with a face of aristocratic assurance that must have amazed the plundered: but intermingling with the spoil riches fairly won by his own genius from the exhaustless treasury of nature, who loved her wayward, her wicked, and her wondrous son. Is Childe Harold, then, a great poem? What, with one half of it little above mediocrity, one fourth of it not original in conception or execution, and the remainder glorious! As for his tales—the Corsair, Conrad, Lara, Bride of Abydos, Siege of Corinth, and so forth—they are all spirited, energetic and passionate performances—sometimes nobly and sometimes meanly versified—but displaying neither originality nor fertility of invention, and assuredly no wide range either of feeling or of thought, though over that rather a supreme dominion. Some of his dramas are magnificent—and over many of his smaller poems, pathos and beauty overflow. Don Juan exhibits almost every kind of cleverness—and in it the degradation of poetry is perfect.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

ADDRESSED TO A DOVE.

Say, pensive stranger, whence art thou,
Whose notes I hear from hill and dale,
Art thou from some far mountain brow?
Or lonely grove or gloomy vales.

Say, why prefer the shady grove
To sunny field or flowery mead?
Say, does thou mourn thy absent love,
Or is thy fond companion dead?

Say, why those melancholy tones,
I hear from shade, from tower and tree?
Has ought disturbed thy little ones,
Or torn thy fondest hopes from thee?

If thou hast lost all thou couldst love,
Thy mate, thy little ones, thy home,
Then wilt thou to some friendlier grove,
Where pain and sorrow ne'er can come.

And when with me life's ills are o'er,
When I have spent my life's short day,
Like thee I'll seek some happier shore,
Like thee I'll mount and soar away.

CORNELIUS.

EXTRACTS

From the Recent Speech of Mr. Moore, in the House of Delegates of Virginia, on the subject of Negro Slavery.

[CONCLUDED FROM SAT. EV. POST OF JAN. 28.]

Having now, sir, (in a most imperfect manner, I admit,) attempted to depict some of the many evils of slavery which we labor already to experience, let us inquire what must be the ultimate consequence of retaining them among us. To my mind, the answer to this inquiry must be both obvious and appalling. It is, sir, that the time will come, and at no distant day, when we shall be involved in all the horrors of a servile war, which will not end until both sides have suffered much; until the land shall every where be red with human blood, and the slaves or the whites, or both are totally exterminated. Shall I be told, sir, that these are unfounded apprehensions? that they are nothing but the exaggerations of a heated imagination? Such a reply will not convince me that I am in error, or satisfy that numerous class of our fellow-citizens who concur in the opinions I have expressed. Let such gentlemen "put the flattering unction to their souls," that it is the voice of fear, not of reason, which is calling on them, from every quarter of this Commonwealth, to remove from the land the heavy curse of slavery. If, sir, gentlemen will listen to the remarks I am about to make on this branch of the subject, I humbly hope that I shall succeed in satisfying them, if there be any truth in history, and if the time has not arrived when gentlemen are to be required to swallow these results, that the dreadful catastrophe in which I have predicted our slave system must result, if persisted in, is as inevitable as any event which has not already transpired.

I lay it down as a maxim not to be disputed, that our slaves, like all the rest of the human race, are now, and will ever continue to be, actuated by the desire of liberty—and it is equally certain that, whenever the proportion of slaves to our white population, shall have become so great as to inspire them with the hope of being able to throw off the yoke, that then an effort will be made by them to effect that object. What the proportion between the slaves and the freemen must be which will embolden the former to make such an attempt, it is not material for me to inquire, for if it be admitted, that any disproportion does exist, which will justify the attempt, the fact is susceptible of the clearest demonstration, that it must be made within a period so short, that many of us may expect to witness it. And I need not go into an inquiry whether or not such an attempt can, at any time or under any circumstances, be attended with success; for it is certain, that whenever it is made, it will be the beginning of a servile war, and from what we know of human nature generally, and from what we know of the spirit manifested by both parties in the late Southampton rebellion, it is very evident that such a war must be one of extermination, happen when it will.

Taking it for granted that the positions I have taken cannot be shaken or controverted, I proceed to make a statement of facts, and to subm

But, sir, having said enough to satisfy any reasonable man that the slaves are rapidly gaining on the whites, I shall not examine to more beyond consistency, that they must soon gain upon them in some rapidity in fact to come, "when they have done in the past. The population of every country must of necessity be limited to the means of subsistence which it affords and whatever thwarts or lessens the production of the articles on which the subsistence of a country depends, tends directly to lessen the number of its inhabitants. All the checks upon the increase of population, which I have mentioned, operate with tenfold force upon the slave population of Virginia. And every country in which all the inhabitants are free, will sustain double as great a population as one in which slavery exists. In attempting, then, to ascertain what number of inhabitants Virginia will maintain, we are not to be governed by the number of inhabitants to the square mile, in countries in which agriculture has arrived to the highest perfection, but by the amount of the necessaries of life which can be drawn from the soil by our mode of cultivation. Estimating the population which Virginia, or rather that part of it lying East of the Blue Ridge, will support, upon that principle, it is perfectly apparent it can never sustain more than one-third in addition to its present population. Which is not more than it is capable of containing, according to the census of 1820, at 32 to the square mile, allowing one-third to this number I ascertain the whole number of inhabitants which Eastern Virginia can support, to be 1,110,986. That this estimate is sufficiently high, is proved by the fact, that there are seventeen counties in that part of the state, which have a smaller population now, that they had forty years ago, that is, in 1790, when the population was the least. Ground it all in that period, and probably many more which have decreased in the last ten or twenty years.—And the additional fact furnished by the statement made out by the Auditor for the Convention, that in the two great Eastern divisions of the State from the Blue Ridge to the Ocean, the ratio of increase has been but a very small fraction of one per cent. per annum for the last seven years past. Again, sir, it has been ascertained with great certainty that the whole slave population in the United States increases at the rate of two and a half per cent. a year, and doubles itself in about twenty-eight years. Supposing the whole colored population of Eastern Virginia to increase like itself to that period, it will in the year 1860 amount to 2,221,972 souls, and will exceed the whole number of the free part of the State at present, and within 196 674 of as many as it can ever contain: consequently there will then be but one white to every five colored inhabitants in that portion of the commonwealth.

But I may be asked why I assume that the colored population is to continue to increase as heretofore, and that there will be room for it to do so? I answer, that is not a question I should reply, because the checks upon the increase of population growing out of the want of the means of subsistence, operate exclusively upon the white people. One of the immediate effects of the want of means of subsistence in all thickly settled countries, is to diminish the number of children born annually: ever exceeds the number of deaths in any given period. But the cause operates in Eastern Virginia, we may judge from the past that notwithstanding the entire white population of that part of the State, was greater by 96,600 in 1830, than that of Western Virginia, yet the number of whites under five years old was two thousand greater in 1830, in Western than in Eastern Virginia. I will mention another fact, which proves conclusively that this cause does not at all retard the growth of our colored population, and will show its effects to both kinds of population in a very striking point of view; it is, that according to the census of 1820, the whole number of the colored population in Eastern Virginia, under ten years of age, was upwards of one hundred and fifty thousand, while the number of whites, of a corresponding age, was but a little over one hundred and ten thousand, making a difference in favor of the former of nearly forty-five thousand. Another of the immediate checks upon the increase of population, in densely inhabited countries, arising from the want of means of subsistence, is the number of poor persons who perish, in times of great scarcity, from the want of food. In some parts of the inhabitants of the State, who perish from want, they must belong to the poorer classes of white people, who have no person able to relieve them, interested in preserving their lives. The slave is always secure from this danger, the master being always prompted by motives of interest to sell, if not able to support him. Another, and the principal check upon the increase of the white population of the State, is the enormous emigration from it. This check has hitherto operated pretty equally upon all classes of our inhabitants; and the gain of the blacks has not been greater than can be readily accounted for upon other principles which I have mentioned already. But, sir, the time has come, when the emigration must be confined almost exclusively to the white population. All the waste of that population will ever continue open to any of our white people as may choose to enter them. On the other hand, many of these States have been long closed against our colored population, and even the Southern States, to which in times past so many thousands of slaves have been carried, have at length become alarmed at the immense number of slaves among them, and are taking decided measures to prevent the importance of them being carried there in future. The Legislature of Louisiana has recently passed an act to exclude slaves from that State under very severe penalties. The gentleman from Mecklenburg, (Mr. Goode) attributed the passage of the act to the action of the Assembly at its last session upon the subject of slaves; but I unfortunately for that idea, the act of the Legislature of Louisiana was passed a short time before this Legislature convened. I also learn from the newspapers, that the Legislatures of Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky, and the rest of the slave-holding States, are about to adopt the same policy with Louisiana. The market for slaves may be considered then as closed, and the moment that the invisible cause ceases to act, as

POST OFFICE.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

[illegible]	[illegible] A. M.	Eastern	9 P. M.
[illegible]	8 A. M.	Southern	9 P. M.
[illegible]	12 M.	Western	9 P. M.
[illegible]	12 M.	Way	3 P. M.
		Wagner	3 P. M.

Agents for the U. S. Post and Cockets.

Franklin Woodside.
D. Benjamin, Esq. P. M.
Stout, Esq. Postmaster.
Jos. Jennings, Esq. P. M.

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, February 11, 1832.

To Readers and Correspondents.

[illegible] Ballad, Esq. By reminding us how much [illegible] the Wanderer Fare, we [illegible] to feel [illegible]

[illegible] is the Daughter of Apollo will be [illegible] [illegible] week. We are fearful however of his [illegible] [illegible] to be a debtor to [illegible]

[illegible] Letter from Julius will [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE OLIO

These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

ADDRESS TO MY NOSE.

What leads me on where'er I go,
In sun and shade, in joy and woe,
Though fire and tempest, rain and snow?
My Nose.

In youth's most ardent reckless day,
And when some disputes at play,
What would be foremost in the fray?
My Nose.

And should my tongue rude blows provoke,
What would provende and brave each stroke,
'Till cowl streams on pains bespoke?
My Nose.

And falling in an airy tourney,
In chase of some new charm or sweet,
To save me—what came first to ground?
My Nose.

When some dark pass I would explore,
With neither shut nor open door,
What set for me hard usage bore?
My Nose.

And when in want I yearned to eat,
And hunger might my judgment cheat,
What presented me to food most sweet?
My Nose.

'Mid violet beaks and woodbine bowers,
And woods rose bloomed the fairest flowers,
What fed me with their fragrant powers?
My Nose.

Each eye may need in age a guide,
And when young helpmates I provide,
They teach them's best for me to stride.
My Nose.

And can I e'er in case or glee
Refuse my aid or love to thee,
Who thus has fed and bled for me,
My Nose.

Nor When cold winter's winds blow high
And bite thee hard, and thou shalt cry,
Thy tears with sympathy I'll dry.
My Nose.

And if for snuff thy love shall come,
Thy elves, my finger and my thumb,
Shall faithful be, and bear their some.
My Nose.

Still, as I follow thee along,
Oh! may'st thou never lead me wrong,
But thou must bask our sleeping song!
My Nose.

THE USEFUL DOCTOR.

John's wife was one day taken bad,
A drunken sot poor John,
Oft tried he wish'd her dead or mad,
Oft wish'd, alas! in vain.

Quickly the doctor then he sought,
And with a woful face,
(Worst fiend his reverence as he ought,)
Then told his doleful case.

Old Galen having seen the wife,
Thus spoke in solemn tone,
"Ah! John, there's little hopes of life.
So bring another bone."

"Thanks, thanks, good doctor," John repl'd,
"I'll follow your advice,
I thought we soon you I first employ'd
You'd kill her in a trice.

Well, let the world say what they please,
You've eas'd me of my pain,
Your physic's cur'd her tongue to cease,
For me if I'll complain."

The post master at Carlisle, advertises a letter with the following superscription:

"To ———, a laboring man.
"Who shoes em mules as well as any man:
"The letter is to go with ever so many,
"To Carlisle Post Office in Pennsylvania."

A Paris paper relates as a fact, that two students in Berlin, having quarrelled, agreed to bite the lips of a person mortally affected with the Cholera, and that the disease should terminate with the death of either. Each of them bited the lips of a man in the last stage of the disease, but neither dying within twenty-four hours afterwards, their "mutual friends" declared that they should be reconciled.

A marriage took place lately in Ireland, between Wm. Haggard, aged 64 years, and Susan Thompson, aged 18. The bride was a descendant of the 16th regiment. He was formerly on the West India station, and whilst there, *buried his entire regiment three times*, and acquired the appellation of the "*Grave Digger.*"

A flowery young barrister having made a speech which savored *intensely* of poetry than law, the Chancellor is said to have very coolly observed, "Poor young man! he has studied the wrong Phillips."

Cholera morbus from the effects of the fruit of which, not been happily denominated *cruel-era morbus.*

A respectable surgeon residing in Bucks, England, recently had a note, of which the following is a copy:—"Sur Please to find any whifs, she keeps her bed with a fiver" (fever).

A Connecticut family consisting of a husband, wife, twin boy and girl, with a fourth of a month old baby, to move [illegible], and well with buckets &c.—thus interpreted, "We have an infant, and are all well."

A French writer observes, that those who depend on the merits of their ancestors, may be compared to search in the root of the tree for those fruits which the branches ought to produce.

Married at Houghton-le-spring, W. H. Borne, Esq., to Caroline Jane, youngest daugher of the late R. Allen, Esq.

"To "better to marry," St. Paul said,
"Than burn"—last late ye mourn.
"Both's best," said Jane, "so when I wed
I'll marry but to *burne*."

Philosophers tell us that the motion of the earth is equal to seventeen miles in a second: so that if a man doffs his bonnet to a friend, in the street, he goes seventeen miles bareheaded, without catching cold. Five weeks experience has induced certain people to doubt the assertion. They tell us also, that the earth is two million miles nearer the sun in winter than in summer. It may be true, but if so, it is believed that the sun must be heated with oak and hickory in summer, and anthracite in the winter.

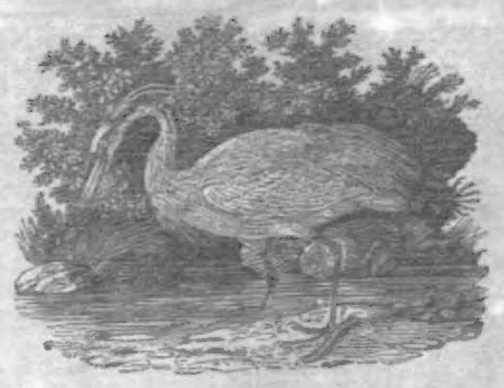
Some unmannerly culprits lately broke jail in Jefferson county, Ohio, and absconded without awating the "due course of law." Mr. Justice Ferguson in the commonwealth's name, directs the sheriffs and other law officers to hunt up the refugees forthwith; and the jailor offers sundry rewards for their apprehension. One of them is described as "rather a handsome little man"—one of the great Smith family; another is said to be "pockmarked and cross-eyed: having sunburnt hair, which looks as if it had not been combed for the last three months." Such a monster with his "knotted and comb-defying locks," ought to be overhauled and brought up to the scratch without delay.

Connecticut folks havn't done inventing new "notions" for trade. The latest invention appears to be *blackball* made of white-wood and nicely shaped and painted. It is thought this article will drive wooden clocks, wooden nutmegs, wooden cucumber seeds, wooden hams, and born gun flints, entirely out of the market. What is the price of wood in Connecticut? If it is as high there as it is here, speculators in either of the above named articles must be on the side of the purchaser.

A book might be, and probably enough, will be, filled with anecdotes of the late Stephan Girard. He has given two millions, the interest of which is $120,000 per annum, for a public school. The management is exclusively confided to *laymen*. Once on a time, it is said, application was made to him to assist in building a new *Methodist* Church in Philadelphia, Methodist, what is that? Ah, it must be from *method; methodical:* that is good: I give you $1000.' Shortly after, the Minister of a new Church of another denomination, Dr.——— also called: Mr. G. handed him a check of $500. The Rev. Doctor looked at the check—then at the donor—then at length ventured to speak of his disappointment, that the sum was but half that given to the Methodists. "Ah!" said Mr. G. "hand me the check," as if to correct his mistake. The check was given him, when he indignantly tore it up, and sent the clergyman away empty, to reflect upon his presumption—his attempt to *dictate* in the matter of charity.

Strength of Fleas. At the fair of Charlton, Kent, in 1690, we saw a man exhibit three fleas harnessed to a carriage in the form of an omnibus, at least 30 times their own bulk, which they pulled along with ease; another pair drew a chariot, and a single flea a brass cannon! The exhibitor showed the whole, first through a magnifying glass, and then to the naked eye, so that we were satisfied there was no deception.—*Insect Miscellanies.*

NATURAL HISTORY.



THE EGRET.

Ardea Garzetta, Lin.—Egrella, Buff.

The Egret is one of the smallest, as well as the most elegant of the Heron tribe: its shape is delicate, and its plumage as white as snow; but what constitutes its principal beauties are the soft, silky, flowing plumes on the head, breast, and shoulders: they consist of single slender shafts, thinly set with pairs of fine, soft threads, which float on the slightest breath of air. Those which arise from the shoulders are extended over the back, and flow beyond the tail. These plumes were formerly used to decorate the helmets of warriors: they are now applied to a gentler and better purpose, in ornamenting the head-dresses of European ladies, and the turbans of the Persians and Turks.

The Egret seldom exceeds a pound and a half in weight, and rarely a foot and a half in length. A bare green skin is extended from the beak to the eyes; the sides of which are pale yellow: the bill and legs are black. Like the common Heron they perch and build their nests on trees, and live on the same kinds of food.

This species is found in almost every temperative and warm climate, and must formerly have been plentiful in Great Britain, if it be the same bird as that mentioned by Leland in the list of bill of fare prepared for the famous feast of Archbishop Nevil, in which one thousand of these birds were served up. No wonder the species has become nearly extinct in that country!

HABITS OF THE WOLF.

The smell of burning asafœtida has a remarkable effect upon this animal. In a fire made in the woods, thrown on a portion of this drug, so as to saturate the atmosphere with the odor, the wolves if any are within reach of the scent, immediately assemble round, howling in the most mournful manner; and such is the remarkable fascination under which they seem to labor, that they will often suffer themselves to be shot down rather than quit the spot. Of the few instances of their attacking human beings, of which we have heard, the following may serve to give some idea of their habits. In early times, a negro man was passing in the night in the lower part of Kentucky, from one settlement to another. The distance was several miles, and the country over which he travelled entirely unsettled. In the morning his carcass was found entirely stripped of flesh. Near it lay his axe covered with blood, and all around the bushes were beaten down, the ground trodden, and the number of foot tracks so great as to show that the unfortunate victim had fought long and manfully. On pursuing his track it appeared that the wolves had pursued him for a considerable distance; he had often turned upon them and driven them back. Several times they had attacked him, and had been repelled, as appeared from the blood and tracks. He had killed some of them before the final onset, and in the last conflict had destroyed several. His axe was his only weapon.

On another occasion, many years ago, a negro man was going through woods with no companion but his fiddle, when he discovered that a pack of wolves was on his track. They pursued very cautiously, but a few of them would sometimes dash up and growl, as if impatient for their prey, and then fall back again. As he had several times escaped in this manner, he sometimes stopped, shouted, drove back his pursuers, and then proceeded.—The animals became more and more audacious, and would probably have attacked him, had he not arrived at a deserted cabin which stood by the way side—into this he rushed for shelter.—And without waiting to shut the door, climbed up and seated himself on the rafters.—The wolves dashed in after him, and became quite ferocious, howled and leaped, and endeavored with every exaggeration of rage to get at him. The moon was now shining brightly, and he being able to see his enemies, and satisfied of his own safety, began to act on the offensive. Finding the cabin full of them, he crawled down to the top of the door, which he shut and fastened. Then renewing some of the loose board from the roof, scattered them with a tremendous clatter upon such of his foes as remained outside, who soon scampered off, while those in the house began to crouch with fear. He had now a large number of prisoners to stand guard over until morning; and drawing forth his fiddle, he very good naturedly played for them all night, very much as he supposed, to their edification and amusement, for like all genuine lovers of music, he imagined it had power to soften even the heart of a wolf. On the ensuing day, some of the neighbors assembled and destroyed the captives with great rejoicing.

ANECDOTE.

A highly respectable gentleman in this city tells an anecdote of the times of the yellow fever, which is not out of season at the present moment, and many serve to illustrate the character of one who has claims on the kind remembrances of our citizens.

The gentleman (Mr. T.) had been induced, like most other citizens, to move with his family out of Philadelphia, to avoid the ravages of the yellow fever, which was then making fearful havock. Previous engagements, however, rendered it necessary for him to visit the city almost every day, and unfortunately, his presence was demanded in Walnut street, a few doors below Second. This was a fearful neighbourhood, as the fever was raging in a shocking degree in "Farmers' Row," leading from Dock street, only a few doors from his place of resort. For several days Mr. T. felt that he was carrying the [illegible] at a fearful risk, to venture into such a vicinity; but his business was imperative, and he continued to yield to its demands, of course with all those precautions which science or kindness suggested. One day Mr. T. turned the corner of Walnut and Second street, and went a few steps down the latter street, until he came opposite the avenue called Farmer's Row. There presently had chased away every vestage of business—there was nothing to break the almost uncarthly silence of the place, or give an idea that motion was an attribute of any object within view. He stood gazing at the buildings that contained the victims, living and dead, of the appalling disease, when suddenly the approach of a carriage, driven rapidly by a black man, broke the silence of the place. The carriage was driven up in front of one of the frame buildings in the row; the driver laid his whip back upon its top, bound his handkerchief close to his mouth, opened the door of his vehicle, and resumed his seat. A short, thick-set man stepped from the coach, and went into one of the abodes of wretchedness.

Interested in the result of a movement involving such imminent danger, Mr. T. pressed his [illegible] against the window of the coach, and withdrew as far as he could, without losing sight of the carriage and the house. His movement enabled him to look, though from a distance, into the door of the tenement. Shortly afterwards, he saw a slow movement on the stairs, as if some person was descending with difficulty. No noise, however, was heard, nor did there appear to be any *other* movement in the house. In a few minutes he distinguished the object of his solicitude approaching the outer door; at length he stood full in his view on the pavement. The man who had left the carriage had been into one of the chambers of the house, and had taken thence a human being who had probably been left without the least attendance, suffering with the yellow fever. The size of the sufferer did not allow the *visiter* to take him up in the best mode for conveying him. As they were on the pavement, the right arm of the man supported in part the sick person, and his left was thrown round him to press the emaciated body close to him, and prevent his falling; the feet of the sick man touched the ground, and his yellow cadaverous face rested against the cheek of his conductor; every breath he exhaled poured over the nostrils and mouth of his supporter a volume of putrid effluvium, while his hair, long from neglect, and knotted and matted with filth, added to the disgusting and fearful spectacle. In this situation, the well man partly carried and partly dragged the sufferer to the carriage, in which, with great exertion and after much time, he succeeded in placing him; the driver, of course, refusing to aid in such a dangerous enterprise. The door of the carriage was drawn to by the person inside, and then they were driven slowly off, the sick man lying in the arms of the person who had brought him from his wretched abode.

Who the sick person was, Mr. T. did not enquire; but he who risked so much to help a human being that had no claims of consanguinity or friendship upon his services—he who thus did good to others, at such an immense hazzard to himself, was

STEPHEN GIRARD.

Anecdote of Akbar Shah. Akbar was very pious to his mother; his piety appearing in this particular, that when she was once carried in a palanquin between Lahor and Agra, he, travelling with her, took the palanquin upon his own shoulders, commanding his greatest nobles to do the like, and so carried her over the river from one side to the other. He never denied her any thing but this, that the Bible might be hanged about an ass's neck and beaten round the town of Agra, for that the Portugals having taken a ship of their's at sea, as which was found the Alcoran, tied it about the neck of a dog, and beat him through the town of Ormuz. But he denied her request, saying, that if it were ill in the Portugals to do so to the Alcoran, it became not a king to requite ill for ill, for that the contempt of religion was the contempt of God, and he would not be accessed on an innocent book. This act, which a Mahometan thought profane, was performed by the notorious Fuseche, in 1793, at Lyons.—*Asiatic Journal.*

Singular Marriage.—A frail old widow in Calloo, aged 75, was on Monday married to a young man, belonging to the same burgh, who has scarcely emerged from his teens. In their courtship, it appears that the widow, who is possessed of ample means, favoured her youthful wooer with £6, to furnish a suit of clothes for the wedding; but having taken some distaste to the match, on its near approach, he decamped, leaving the bride disconsolate. She was not, however, to be trifled with; and without delay set off through the country, in search of her betrothed husband, taking his sister along with her to use her influence in winning him back. The chase was unsuccessful; but the bridegroom at last returned of his own accord, after punishing the sum intended for his wedding suit; and had no sooner appeared, than negociations were set on foot to induce him quietly to fulfill his promise of marriage, which he finally complied with, and on [illegible] was performed, accompanied with the gratifying information that she would make him the sole heir to her property. Nov. 22.

Elopement.—Mr. John Loudon, a farmer, 42 years of age, recently occupied South Hayne estate, parish of Cheriton Fitzpaine, eloped last week with the wife of another farmer of the same parish, of the name of Brown. Loudon has left a wife and three children behind, the eldest of whom is 16 years old; his guilty paramour is the mother of seven children, six of whom she has left behind, taking the seventh (an infant at the breast) with her. Loudon rode away for the pretended purpose of paying his half year's rent, the consequence of not doing which was a sale under a distress for rent, which took place last Wednesday when the effects were sold by Mr. Baggage. The guilty parties, it is understood, have gone to Ireland.—*Exeter Flying Post.*

Anecdote of a Painter. At a supper which closed the annual meeting of the Columbia Typographical Society, held at Washington on Saturday week, Mr. Verplanck, one of the guests, related the following anecdote. I was engaged some years ago in a miscellaneous literary work, in conjunction with two or three friends, whose writings are amongst the most valuable productions of native literature. The volumes were most accurately, as well as very beautifully printed. Before the sheets had reached the binder, and long before they had fallen under the eyes of any regular editorial critic, I was surprised with a review of the work in one of our best and most widely circulated literary journals. It was written with great talent, as well as elegance and sprightliness of style, and in the most friendly spirit. On inquiring the name of our good natured and able critic, the authors were surprised to learn that he was the compositor who had set up all the manuscript, and who knew it only in that way. Our friend has since laid down the stick for the pen, and is *now*, as I trust, winning his way to fame and fortune in another country.

Poor Michael Fullam, about sixty years since, fell dead at the door of the Dublin green room, a moment after leaving the stage from having been encored in the song of "Je ne scai quoi," in Dimond's operatic farce of Brother and Sister. At his funeral, an old Irishwoman, as she saw the body deposited in the grave, said, "Ah! poor Mic, you've got your FIT *ticket* at last."

The Count de Grange being wounded in the knee with a musket ball, the surgeons made many incisions. Losing patience at last, he asked them why they cut and carved so cruelly.—"We seek for the ball," said they. "Why did you not speak before," said the Count, "I have it in my pocket."

A Gascon who was on ill terms with the Bishop of Bazas, swore he would never pray to God in that diocese. One day crossing a river, and being in danger, the boatman said that nothing remained for him but to address himself to God.—"Well," said the Gascon, "are we out of the diocese of Bazas?"

When Mr. Pope once dined at Lord Chesterfield's, one of the domestics told his fellow servant, that he should have known Pope was a great poet by the very shape; for it was in and out like the lines of a Pindaric ode.

The captain of a privateer writing to his owners an account of an engagement, felicitating them on the general safety of his crew, having had one of his *hands* shot through the *nose*.

The following is a *verbatim et literatim* copy of the superscription of a letter which passed through the Boston (Lincolnshire,) Post Office recently:—"For the cursed that goes lower the deal bodies that dies suddenly."

The greatest things and the most praiseworthy that can be done for the public good, are not what require great parts, but great honesty: therefore for a king to make an amiable character, he needs only to be a man of common honesty, well advised.

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